That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Philoten* contents in ſkill
With abſolute *Marina*: ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes which are paide by debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Philoten* all graceſull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnbotne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profit, let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her,
Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou art reſolu'd?

Leon. I am reſolu'd.

Enter Marina with

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tell*
with Flowers: the yellowes,
rigolds, ſhall as a Carpet h
dayes do laſt, Aye me poore
mother dide: this world to m
from my friends.

Dion. How now Marina
How chaunce my daughter is
Doe not conſume my blood
You haue a nurſe of me, Lord
Chang'd with this vnprofitab
Come giue me your flowers,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayr
And it pierces and ſharpens t
Come *Leonine* take her by th

Mar. No I pray you, Ile

Dion. Come, come, Ile l
ſelfe, with more then forra
heere, when hee ſhall come a
thus blaſted. Hee will repe
blame both my Lord and m
your beſt courſe. Go I pray
gaine; reſerue that excellen
eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can goe h

Mar. Well, I will go, bu

Dion. Come come, I kno
Walke halfe an howre *Leon*
Rememer what I haue ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you Mada

Dion. Ile leaue you my
ſoſtly, doe not heate your
you.